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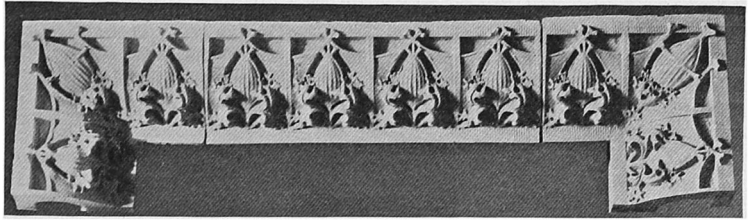
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MYRON HUNT, ARCHITECT

## A NEW MOVEMENT IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

America has for years had an architecture purely American. This architecture has been provincial, and has been an architecture of lack rather than of fullness. It has resulted in a homeliness, which we remember with delight, associated with the husking-bee in the strong country barn, expressing the healthy American country life, albeit a barn and life without refined æsthetic quality.

An architecture which we remember with a certain dread, associated with the puritanical sermon, is the cold country church, with its lancet spire, topped with piercing lightning-rod, devoid of love and human kindliness. This is true and honest, for it expresses the life and feelings of the people who reared it, and carries with it a charm inspired by fitness.

Another life has grown up in America, a life of the city home, a life of refinement. On the walls of its dwelling-place are found many expressions of this life, in the American landscape, interpreted by the true American painter, and the portrait of that embodiment of refinement, the American woman, painted by one who knows her. In the library are books reflecting the higher American life, as seen by the high-minded American writer, while from the music-room come strains unsullied by the immorality of a degenerate race. But of the building itself: it is the imitation of a foreign style, unsightly because viewed by a different temperament, unlovely because inspired by imitation and built by rule.

For many years the younger men among the architects of America have known this, have had a longing to build as they felt, and to their honor be it said, some few have done so.

By a common impulse the architectural associations of the country sent delegates to Cleveland last June, to discover the feelings of their contemporaries. Thirteen of the strongest societies were represented by from one to fifteen members. The truly national spirit of the movement was assured by the absolute unanimity of purpose, and by

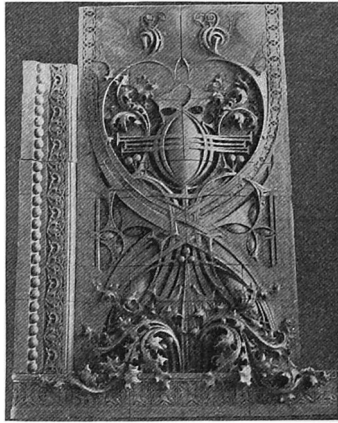
the surprisingly enthusiastic reception of papers so identical in spirit that they might have emanated from one brain.

The Architectural League of America was formed, as its constitution says, "to encourage an indigenous and inventive architecture, and to lead architectural thought to modern sources of inspiration."

Mr. H. K. Bush Brown of New York, in his paper on the "Grouping of Public Buildings," said:

"Having attained the fruition of our hopes as a people in the development of material things, we have now, for the first time in our history, both the wealth and the leisure, and I am glad to say the inclination, to seek some appropriate expression of all these evidences of national greatness in the art of the people. I have had proof of this from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and I am glad to say it is so general, for it demonstrates we are on the eve of a great national development in art. . . . You ask for precedents which you may follow for improving the city's plan. I answer you, there are none. . . . By reason of this we must be emancipated from the traditions and customs of the past, and devote ourselves to solving these problems on their own merits, under these new conditions as they exist to-day; and with a foresight, if possible, of what they may become in the generations to follow."

In speaking on the "Architectural Society and its Progressive Influence," Mr. Albert Kelsey of Philadelphia affirmed that "the mere money-making, plan-factory magnate, hucksterer, or broker-architect, who for so long a time has represented the profession merely because of the magnitude of his practice, is no longer respected as an architect. The cunning employer of skilled draughtsmen has been found out, and is despised by the better element of the profession." In speaking of the people, he said: "They want an architecture that will reflect their own lives and local achievements, and that must be an indigenous architecture, having its corner-stone laid down deep in the popular heart. . . . With a greater devotion to higher principles than alien precedents, we will gather in unconsciously all the odds and ends of advanced construction and progressive thought, and by adapting every building to the immediate needs of the people, architecture once more will become a living art."



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Mr. Edwin Henri Oliver of New Orleans, in his letter to the convention, goes further back, and lays the blame on the architectural school. "Why is it, then, that we are so fond of masquerading in the cast-off garments of the past, and care so little for creating an architecture that is natural to ourselves? To my mind there are two or three reasons quite clear.



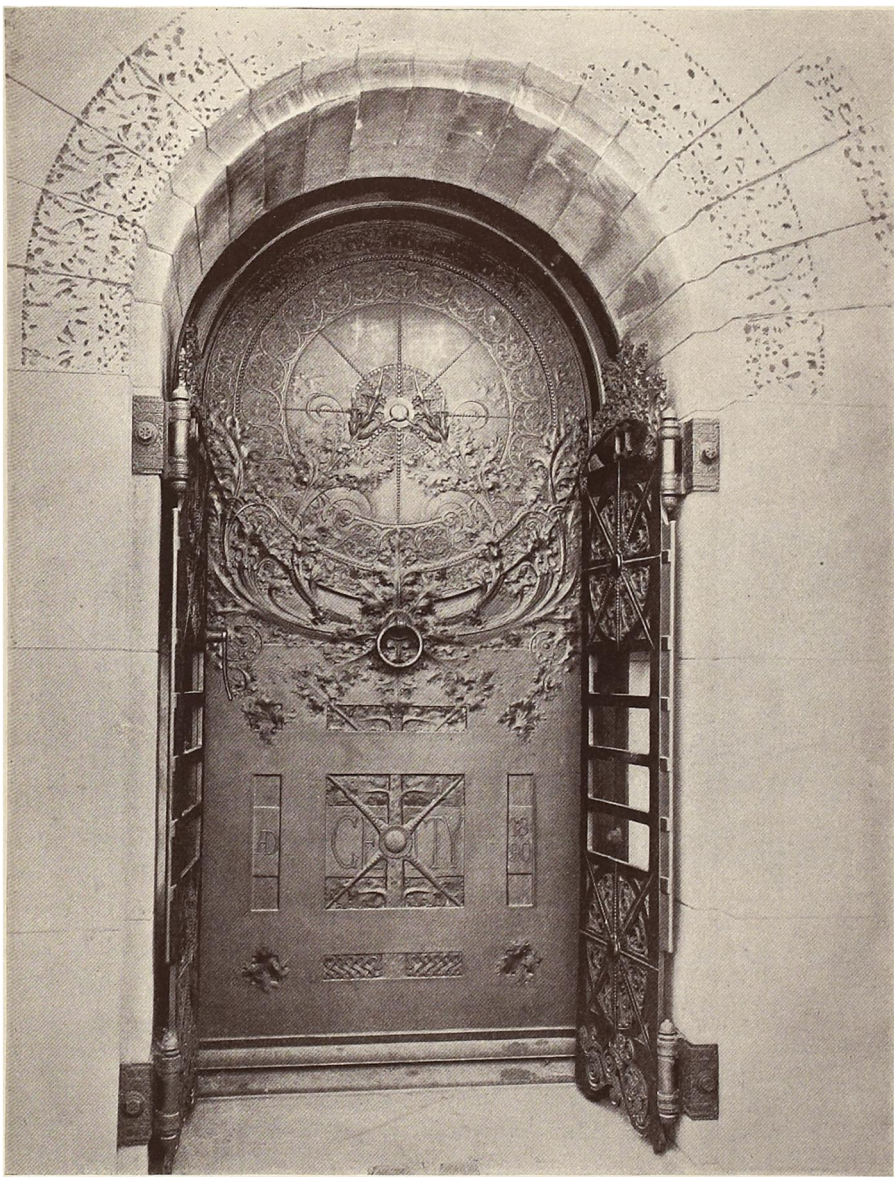
GEORGE R. DEAN, ARCHITECT

"In the first place, we rely too much on academic formulas—formulas that were made centuries ago, by other races and under conditions that were altogether unlike those under which we live. There seems to be a sort of continuous conflict between the discipline of the schools and the practical requirements of the day. . . . But there is a conflict still more apparent and still more incessant between those formulas and the methods of structure imposed upon building by the application of modern science to all its details. These

mechanical inventions for all classes of buildings are at perpetual warfare with the principles of Vitruvius, which guided our forefathers. If the office of the architect is hospitable to these modern influences, there must be a revolution. The result of this revolution will constitute the style of the twentieth century."

It is interesting to note that in no instance has any forward impetus to the movement been given by an architectural school. It has come from those who, having passed through the schools, have regretfully forsworn alma mater, and claimed the right to practice the dictates of their consciences. In this connection I quote from my paper on "The Architectural School from the Architect's Standpoint":

"The architect who has learned how well nature knits together the various portions of her creations, how a certain character, a feeling, takes possession of a plant from root to blossom, how it carries itself throughout an animal, how each mineral has its characteristic



BRONZE DOOR  
BY LOUIS H. SULLIVAN, ARCHITECT

crystal, will never be able to produce the conglomerate, so universally perpetrated.

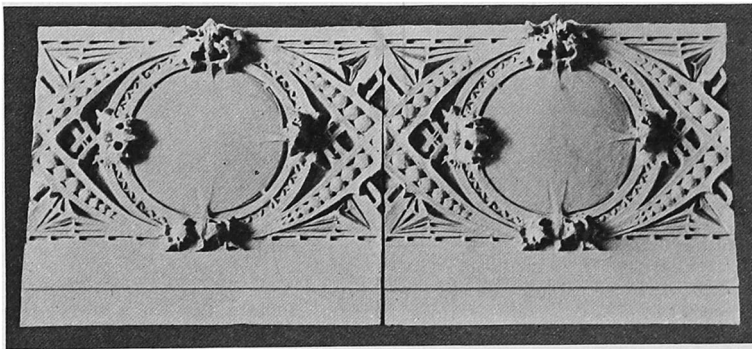
"The architect who truly knows the pine and oak tree, who has studied and drawn them, who has had the character and growth brought home, is incapable of dreaming a dream of ugliness.

"The architect who knows and loves the lily and anemone, and has been taught to draw their essential qualities, is incapable of conceiving an ornament of vulgar character.

"We, the architects of to-day, were not so trained. Whatever of this we possess, we have fought for, scrambling back over text-books of dogmas and ruins of Gothic, Roman, and Greek architecture. We went into offices with magnificent ideas of theses in our minds. Some of us have had the opportunity to



RICHARD E. SCHMIDT  
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construct them, to the utter damnation of the art and the agony of the public.

"For the sake of that thing which lives forever, let us give the student of the next generation a school which will start him in accord with Nature, for with her he will have to deal.

"The school that instills the first principles, that takes the young mind and instead of making it grow to strength and grace binds the young branches and stunts the sturdy stem to craven ugliness, is even more to blame than the architect who does not strive to cast off the decayed boughs and put forth a healthy growth."

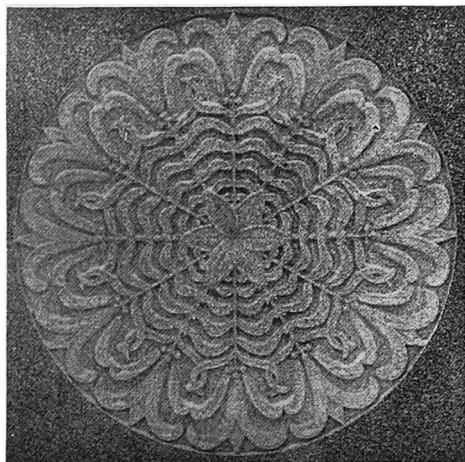
Mr. Louis H. Sullivan of Chicago, in his paper, "The Modern

Phase of Architecture," shows how untenable is the position of the latter.

"Do you fully realize how despicable is a man who betrays a trust? Do you know, or can you foresee, or instinctively judge, how acutely delicate will become in your time the element of confidence and dependence between man and man and between society and the individual? If you realize at once and forever that, by birth and

through the beneficence of the form of government under which you live, you are called upon not to betray but to express the life of your own day and generation, that society will have just cause to hold you to account for your use of the liberty that it has given you and the confidence it has reposed in you.

"You will realize in due time, as your lives develop and expand and you become richer in experience, that a fraudulent and surreptitious use of



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historical documents, however suavely presented, however cleverly plagiarized, however neatly repacked, however shrewdly intrigued, will constitute and will be held to be a betrayal of a trust.

"You know well what I mean. You know in your own hearts that you are to be fakirs or that you are to be honest men. It is futile to quibble, or to protest, or to plead ignorance or innocence, or to asseverate and urge the force of circumstance. Society is, in the main, honest—for why should it not be?—and it will not ask and will not expect you to be liars. It will give you every reasonable and every legitimate backing if you can prove, by your acts, that artistic pretension is not a synonym for moral irresponsibility.

"If you take the pains truly to understand your country, your people, your day, your generation, the time, the place in which you live; if you seek to understand, absorb, and sympathize with the life around you—you will be understood and sympathetically received in return. Have no fear as to this.

"Society will soon have no use for people who have no use for it.



The clairvoyance of the age is steadily unfolding, and it will result therefrom that the greatest poet will be he who shall grasp and define the commonplaces of our life, those simple, normal feelings which the people of this day will be helpless otherwise to express. And here you have the key with which, individually, you may unlock in time the portal of your art. . . . You have my sympathy. I am with you in spirit, for in you resides the only hope, the only sign of dawn that I can see, making for a day that shall regenerate an art that should be, may be, and must be the noblest, the most intimate, the most expressive, the most eloquent of all."

GEORGE R. DEAN.



## THE GRUMBLER VISITS THE MUSEUM AND DISCOURSES ON A FEW OTHER THINGS

Some one said some one else took exception to something I said at some one time or another, but, bless us! what a disagreeable world this would be if we all agreed, even agreed on generalities! I streaked through the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum the other day for the purpose of counting the things that shouldn't have gotten in there; time hung heavy upon my hands. You know I am somewhat of an arithmetician in a small way, so I could carry it all in my head, after Galileo's method. Nevertheless, I was surprised when I worked out my little table, to find so many things actually great, and I am already beginning to repent of some of my earlier spoken unpleasantnesses in this connection; but then the museum directors were always so exasperating! I must insist, in justice to the good manners I hope I once had and have not parted with, that I never called these gentlemen blockheads, in the sense of artistic discrimination, and if I did say their sins lived after them, I probably will not say so again, else I'll only be able to get in free days—they have such a jolly way of revoking passes, which need not deter me from creeping in through a flue, though shades enjoy coming in by the front door as well as mortals.

But to go back to the pictures: Manet's "Boy with the Sword" is great, you know; and somehow one feels that Willie Chase—there I go! You see I knew him in kilts, a modest youth of four sets of seasons, when they called him Willie, and I cannot get over the habit—that Willyam Chase might never have painted as it is said he says he does—he really does, you know!—had it not been for "The Girl with the Parrot." About Manet: I have always felt that his things were inspiresome, and his color is so inexpressibly valuable that I can only say of it that it looks as the heart of a nice cabbage tastes when you